

INTER NOS

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J. M. J.

Editorial

INTER NOS gladly avails itself of this opportunity to express the joy of Faculty and Students, for the great honor which has come to California in the elevation to the Cardinalate of our beloved Archbishop, Francis J. McIntyre.

It is a deep gratification to us, and to all our fellow Catholics to realize the honor and esteem, shown toward our Cardinal, by the secular press and non-Catholic business men and other citizens of the Archdiocese, when the news of his elevation was received. Rejoicing seemed universal and deservedly so. "Simple" and "humble" were the terms most frequently used in the news write-ups descriptive of his character. No greater compliments could issue from a secular press.

Our Cardinal has been unceasingly kind and interested in the Mount. As Chairman of our Advisory Board he has given his time, to be present at the meetings and to further the college interests with understanding and constructive advice.

We join our prayers with those of all our Cardinal's well wishers that God may aid and strengthen him, blessing the work before him, as He has supported him in that already accomplished by this good Shepherd of the Diocese of Our Lady of the Angels.

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DEC 21 1953 Mt. St. Mary's 3.00

During the recent visit of our Superior General, Rev. Mother M. Killian, her consent was given to our publishing in INTER NOS her notes on her European trip. We wished to share our interest with her other friends.

Rev. Mother was summoned by Our Holy Father, to attend the three days Congress of Mothers General of religious orders and congregations, to be held in Rome. It was a sort of follow-up of the meetings held in August on the campus of the University of Notre Dame, at which Rev. Mother was appointed by Rome to be a member of the Board. Her notes describe her trip after the close of the Congress.

Our March issue of INTER NOS contains four contributions of actual experiences of their writers, two alumnae and two present students. During this month of St. Joseph we ask our readers to join us in honoring him and in asking our patron to hear our prayers for the needs of the college. May he send God's blessing to us all.

SISTER MARY DOLOROSA

THE CARPENTER

By Justine Weiher

*Joseph entered the sunny carpenter shop.
Bent beneath the lumber to make a door,
He traced a golden halo on the top
Layer of fragrant sawdust on the floor.
He laid his burden down then turned and smiled
On seeing the simple toys that he had made
Lying by the hand of the little Child,
Asleep now in the warm shop-shade.
He softly planed the finish on each board
(A roughened spot might tear His woven vest)
He saved the curly pieces: these he stored
In nearby boxes or an open chest
Along with bits of mellow pine and oak,
So He could play with them when He awoke.*

Notes on the Recent European Visit of Reverend Mother Killian

Superior General of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet

When the business of the Congress and of the Office of the Sacred Congregation was over, we visited some of the churches and places of historic note. The Basilica of St. Peter was our first interest. To reach the basilica we passed through the great circular, stone-paved park where the people assemble for audiences and to await the announcements of the Holy Father. Very interesting is the circular walk around the court, enclosed by huge marble pillars, two hundred and eighty-four in number, with another set of smaller marble columns inside these. Facing the entrance of this court is the vast basilica, built in the form of a cross. Above the central entrance door is the balcony where the Holy Father immediately after his election comes out to give his blessing and on other occasions to address the people gathered in the court.

To the right of the main door of St. Peter's is the Holy Year door, now sealed up, and on it is painted a large black cross. In the vestibule at the right and left are marble slabs reaching from the top to the ground and containing the names of the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops who were present for the promulgation of the dogma of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin two years ago.

On entering the church, we were invited to join a party of American tourists guided by a student-priest in Rome, Father Ditman from Kentucky. We were particularly attracted by the altars all around the basilica, above each of which is a mosaic depicting the life of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the saints, all beautiful beyond words to describe. One especially beautiful marble group is here—the Pietà of Michael Angelo.

In the center of the immense basilica, six hundred and ninety-six feet long and four hundred and forty-nine feet wide, is the Papal altar which stands above the tomb of St. Peter. Here the Holy Father says Mass. Steps lead down to the tomb, which is enclosed, and as this section has a railing around it, all we tourists could do was to look down and see the door leading to the tomb.

Above one of the altars of St. Peter's is raised and supported the chair in which St. Peter sat for ecclesiastical functions. Under another altar in a glass case is the body of Blessed Pius X. At this altar only the Pope or a Cardinal says Mass. A railing is placed about three feet in front of the altar to prevent any approach to the case containing the holy body of the Pope.

After visiting all the altars and observing the statues of the Popes, we went by elevator to the cupola of the basilica where we had a good view of the city and of Vatican City with its beautiful gardens.

VATICAN CITY. Leaving the church, we followed the walk, long indeed, around the great wall which surrounds Vatican City. Coming to the museum, we met a group of tourists from Brooklyn, who recognized the Sisters of St. Joseph. They invited us to join them and together we followed through the numerous rooms exhibiting world-famous treasures, so many of them gifts presented to the various Popes, by kings and rulers of countries all over the world.

In the Vatican Library among the countless valuable books in various languages and with priceless bindings, we saw a portion of the original copy of the first printed Bible. Many other copies of the Bible are to be seen, of course, some illuminated by hand on parchment and most beautiful. All are in glass cases, scientifically preserved.

Passing through many, many rooms, we came to the Sistine Chapel. Here the ceiling and walls are covered with the famous paintings of Michelangelo, depicting the story of the Creation and the life of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin and the saints. The front portion of this chapel is cut off from the body by an iron grating reaching from the ceiling to the marble floor, and in this section the Cardinals are locked and guarded by the Knights of Malta, during the election of a Pope. Our guard opened the door and we saw the place where the votes at election are burned.

Leaving the chapel, we came to the art gallery. We spent much time here, going from room to room where the finest exhibit of ancient and modern art in the world is assembled.

THE BASILICA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN. This basilica, built long before the present St. Peter's, is located on what was the first Vatican. Our present Holy Father as Cardinal had charge of this church. In it is a chapel donated by Mussolini, in the crypt of which are the remains of his ancestors. In this basilica also are many altars and rich mosaics. We walked around the enclosed cloister garden which is marked off by the celebrated twisted marble columns.

The Church of Santa Susanna in the center of the city is an American church, with the Paulist Fathers of New York in charge. It was the only church we visited in which there were pews. A good American, speaking English, Father James Cunningham, was hearing confessions. We made use of the opportunity to go to Confession.

One entire morning we spent at the Sacred Congregation building, but there is nothing to see there of beauty or grandeur, for it is just a series of offices for monsignors and priests.

In the afternoon our Cardinal Protector, His Eminence Pietro Fumasoni Biondi, came to see us. His secretary, a Maryknoll Father, was with him. He is the Rev. Richard A. Hochwalt, son of Mr. Carroll Hochwalt of the Monanto chemical organization in St. Louis. He was very much interested in all we could tell him of St. Louis, as

he had offered one of his first Masses in the Fontbonne chapel in June 1951, and has a sister, Paula, now Mrs. Robert E. Morie, who graduated that summer from the college.

THE CATACOMBS. The next day we went for a quick tour on the outskirts of the city. The first place we stopped was at the Catacombs of St. Callistus, and an English-speaking guide took us over a considerable section of the eleven miles of tombs. He led us along, holding a lighted torch. In these catacombs, the public burial places, the burial openings were cut out of the rocks, and the body, wrapped in sheets, put on a slab and pushed in, then sealed in by means of a stone cover. In this cover is a slot where was often inserted a picture of the one buried, which served in identifying the bodies of the martyrs. Later, when churches were more numerous, the bodies of the saints were removed to the churches. These catacombs are all cleared now.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER IN CHAINS. Close by is the Church of St. Peter in Chains, and across the way the ruins of the Colosseum with its memories of martyred Christians, where we saw the arena and the seats occupied by the emperors and their families. Diagonally across was the Roman Forum where portions of the platform from which the great orators spoke can still be seen.

A short distance away were the ruins of the Mamertine prison, which judging from its ruins must have been very large. Nearby were old Roman baths. We saw ruins of old pagan temples as we rode back along the Appian Way. Also we passed under the Arch of Constantine.

THE BASILICA OF ST. MARY MAJOR. In another section of the city is the Basilica of St. Mary Major, built in much the same style as the other basilicas. All the churches have marble floors and many altars around the sides. In the Church of St. Ignatius, where off the sacristy can be seen the rooms of St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus, we made a holy hour scheduled as part of the Congress.

PARIS. From Rome we went to Paris where we stayed with the Ursuline Sisters. In Paris we visited the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and also the chapel of the Immaculate Conception in the convent of the Daughters of Charity, where the body of St. Catherine Labouré can be seen in a glass case under the altar of the Blessed Virgin. We also made a visit to the Church of the Madeleine where we heard Mass close to noon. From there we went to the Church of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre, built on a great height which overlooks the city.

Not far from Notre Dame we saw the Louvre, one of the greatest art galleries in the world, and also the Luxembourg gardens and the Tuileries. In this area we saw the government buildings and the old palaces of the kings of France, now used as museums. Also we saw at Les Invalides the tomb of Napoleon, and beneath the Arch of Triumph that of the Unknown Soldier.

The Church of St. Odile, a beautiful modern church, made us think of some of our American churches. In Paris all the churches, we visited had seats and kneeling benches.

LE PUY. From Paris we went to Le Puy, said to be one of the strangest and rarest of French towns. It held for us a unique general interest as well as the particular interest it holds for us as the town of the origin of our community. The town is small and retains much of the medieval aspect. It lies in a valley made by volcanic action, which formed four great mountains which look like ramparts. On top of each peak is built a church topped by a huge statue which can be seen miles away.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY. On the top of the highest mountain is the miraculous church of Our Lady built, according to tradition, in 493 at the request of Our Lady. It is said that in the early part of the third century a widow of the place was sick with a fever. She prayed to our Blessed Mother, asking for her cure, and Mary appeared to her and told her to lie down on the old Druid slab nearby. The woman did so and fell asleep. When she awoke she was cured. Immediately she ran to the Bishop to report her cure. He followed her back to where the stone lay and although it was the middle of July they found snow covering the stone and a young deer moving around the rock. Returning the next day, the Bishop saw that the tracks of the animal marked off a rectangle. Here he planted some bushes, which he found in bloom. He decided then that the Blessed Virgin wished to be honored there and began to build a church on this mountain, called Mount Anis. He went to the Pope for permission to build, and the Pope gave him an architect. When the small church was finished, he set out for Rome to get the necessary relics and met two men who told him he need not go to Rome for they had the relics. Giving them to him, they disappeared. When he returned to the church, he found it lighted up and heard unusual singing. It was decided that the church was miraculously consecrated by the angels, and hence its name, given it to this day, the angelic basilica.

Nine Popes have visited this church, and many kings, among them St. Louis of France. Many saints have come, including St. Bernard, and great numbers of people from all Europe, including Isabel Somee, the mother of Joan of Arc. The statue of Our Lady of France which surmounts this church is the largest in the world. The town has always been an essentially religious one. Most of its buildings were and still are churches and convents.

Quite close to the Cathedral is the Church of St. John of the Baptismal Fonts, so called because until the Revolution it was the only baptistry in the town. The other churches, very ancient, but not claiming miraculous origin, are St. Michael, St. Joseph, and St. Norbertus. Portions of the ruins of the walls built as protection during the Revolution can be seen, also one or two feudal castles.

THE CONVENT OF LE PUY. The old convent at Le Puy appealed to us very much. We received great courtesy and charity from the Sisters, especially from the Superior General, Mother Marie Fulbert. We were taken to the Sisters' room one evening to meet the community, but of course not much English was spoken, even Mother Fulbert being unduly timid in using what she knows of our language. A young Sister from Fall River, Massachusetts, the province of the Le Puy Sisters in America, spent much time with us, explaining in English the things of interest to visitors. Some other Sisters spoke well, one of them being a graduate of a college in England who had gone there to prepare for classes in English held in their school.

The Sisters seem to have preserved the original spirit of simplicity and humility, and are very poor, having undergone many hardships, especially in the recent wars. They keep alive many of the early practices, as for example, they have a supply of medicines for the sick poor and every day go to tend them, carrying their provisions in a little cart. They themselves do all the work of the Mother House and its property.

The present convent is built around the original building, of which the kitchen still remains, being preserved with the utensils of those times and other furnishing. Of stone and brick, the buildings have endured for centuries. Just now a three-story wing is being erected, mainly for school purposes. Their pupils come from many social groups and are given the preparation thought proper to their station. The poor receive very careful consideration.

About fifty Sisters form the community at Le Puy. In their Congregation there are in all about five hundred Sisters, and they have eight novices, but at present no postulants. A cousin of Mother St. John Fontbonne, Mère Marie-Joséph Tréhand, is one of the superiors in Le Puy, and we enjoyed a visit with her. Mother St. John attended the boarding school of Le Puy. She was born at Bas and entered the community there, later being made superior at Monistrol.

We asked at Le Puy to see the original Rule, and the Sister in charge brought it to us, along with five successive copies. All are hand-written in French in ordinary note books, with about twenty double sheets, one might say. There was one printed copy, that of Vienne of 1693, having about one hundred pages of about four by two inches. We had not time to copy anything from these Rules, and as the Sister had but one copy of each version, we could not borrow them.

Mother Fulbert and the Sisters are proud that their tercentenary addresses are being published in America and showed great interest in the English translation of their book, *En Amont*, prepared by Sisters of Fontbonne College, St. Louis, and about to be published as *Return to the Fountainhead*.¹

From Le Puy we went to Lourdes. Along the route we passed

¹ Now available from Bruce Pub. Co., Milwaukee.

through Carcassonne, Toulouse, Toulon, and many smaller cities and towns, some intimately connected with the history of our Congregation.

LOURDES. At the side of the grotto of Lourdes is the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary. In addition to the altar in the center there are fifteen altars around the walls, and above each is a mosaic commemorating a mystery of the Rosary. In the basilica also there are altars all along each side; for as many as two hundred Masses are offered at Lourdes daily. At the main entrance right and left are ramps leading to an upper crypt in which is the sanctuary of Our Lady of Lourdes. It is built on the rock which overhangs the grotto of apparition.

Each day thousands of pilgrims come to the church at 2 p.m. They pray, the prayers being led by a priest, sing, and hear a sermon. We heard three very eloquent and forceful sermons on good example, stressing the living of good Catholic lives as a means of propagating the Faith.

At four o'clock each day a massive procession forms of bishops, abbots, priests, religious, and thousands of lay people, some in societies and other groups. This procession is organized in silence on a large oblong parkway or esplanade. On each side the sick in wheel beds, chairs, and stretchers are lined up. The Blessed Sacrament is carried under a canopy from the Grotto all around the grounds. Benedictions are given outdoors. The demonstration of Faith and devotion was very great and profound. Many of the men walked with arms extended. Sisters and priests did likewise, and all knelt on the ground for Benediction. During the procession the Rosary was recited in Latin; hymns were sung with the aid of a loud-speaker system. Not a word was spoken from about 3:30 until 5:30 when the priest ended the procession and carried the Ostensorium along the rows of the sick and gave the special blessing to them.

There are three such demonstrations each day—morning, afternoon, and at night, this being a candle-light procession. We marched in two processions. On Sunday we were present for two Pontifical High Masses and heard sermons on unity of Faith and loyalty to the Church, proved by living the Faith. Low Masses followed.

We went to the Grotto and got some Lourdes water. We also went down to the baths where the sick and lame were taken on litters to the holy waters, by nurses. If miracles occur, they are not announced for one year after they happen.

IRELAND. From Lourdes we went to Shannon where we stayed with the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word, whose Mother House is in Texas. This convent is a magnificent property, once owned by a Protestant lord and lady and after their death, about twenty-five years ago, offered for sale at a low cost as the family

wanted to be rid of it. About this time these Sisters requested an American priest coming to Ireland to secure some postulants for them. He advised getting a house in Ireland, and they purchased this property, using the house as a convent for recruiting vocations.

While in Shannon we saw the ruins of the Franciscan Monastery, said to have been one of the finest monasteries in Ireland. Called Quinn Abbey, it was founded by Lad McNamara as a result of a vow. His four-year-old son was taken from a pond, supposedly dead. The parents promised that if the son were restored to life, they would erect a church. The boy was restored, and the church built and assigned to the Franciscan Friars. Their monastery was dissolved and plundered by order of Henry VIII. Cromwell's soldiers seized the abbot while he was saying Mass and hung him outside the abbey. All the Friars were martyred within or without the walls.

We also visited Dublin, which in all respects is like any of our American cities. We were at the Pro-Cathedral on the First Friday of October. The devotion of the people of Ireland is most remarkable. In the evenings whole families can be seen walking the roads to the church to recite the Rosary.

A visit to the Lakes of Killarney brought out an interesting story. A very vast estate was given to Lord Herbert by the English government. Later he sold it to an American millionaire named Braun Vincent, who in turn made a gift of it to the Irish government. Tipperary and Limerick are scenes of lovely farm life. The Irish airport is the most attractive one of those at which we stopped. It is owned and operated by the government.

Everyone was most courteous to us all through our trip, which, thank God, we made in safety.

"San Francisco," exclaimed His Holiness, Pope Pius XII when he saw Reverend Mother Killian at the special audience September 13. The Pontiff had met her during his American visit in 1936, when she attended his Mass in the private chapel of Archbishop Cantwell, and was in a small party of priests and religious entertaining him afterward. Consequently the conversation she held with him at this audience included their interests in California. When His Holiness said "San Francisco," she answered "Los Angeles."

To the general audience which preceded this special one, Reverend Mother carried for the Pope's blessing a package of medals sufficiently large to allow her to send one medal to each Sister in the Congregation as a reminder of this Congress and of the blessing which the Holy Father conferred at this audience. His benediction, as he explained himself, was given to all the Sisters present, to the communities which they represented, and also the relatives and benefactors of those Sisters.

Reverend Mother represented three other communities at the Congress in Rome—the Sisters of St. Joseph of Nazareth, Michigan; the Sisters of St. Joseph of Baden, Pennsylvania; and the Sisters of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana. The first two have the same Cardinal Protector as our Carondelet Congregation, His Eminence, Cardinal Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, and she carried greetings to him from them along with those from Carondelet. The Superior General of the Holy Cross Sisters, Mother M. Rose Elizabeth, was on her visitation of her own South American convents at the time of the meeting in Rome.

Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, rather contrary to custom in Rome, called upon Reverend Mother at her convent, the Generalate of the Ursuline Union, 236 Via Nomentana. He expressed throughout his visit his admiration for the work of the American Sisters, which he had the opportunity of observing during his residence here as Apostolic Delegate from 1922 to 1933. The Holy Father also, he declared, appreciates their labors, especially since seeing the American soldiers in Rome and other European centers, whose church-going and general conduct is a remarkable credit to the Sisters who have taught so many of them in the parochial schools.

THE SEASONS

By Joanne Schott

SUMMER.

*The trees in their green brightness
Shade the tired ones and, with the wind,
They sing.*

AUTUMN.

*The trees prepare for death,
Give up their leaves and stand
Humbly clad.*

WINTER.

*The skeleton trees are buried,
And, exiled from their green glory,
Wait*

SPRING.

*The reborn trees stand splendid
In the magnificence that follows death,
Resurrection.*

My Thoughts to College Girls

On the occasion of receiving the Magnificat Medal

By Tillie Pelegri Clem—An Alumna

It is with a heart overflowing with mixed emotions of gratitude, unworthiness, and great joy that I accept this beautiful Magnificat Medal. I am deeply grateful to you, Your Eminence, who, by your kindness in personally presenting this medal and your gracious presence here today, has made this indeed a memorable occasion.

I am grateful to the Faculty and Students of Mundelein College for their heartwarming hospitality and for having selected me to receive this singular honor and making this joyous event possible. I am grateful to all of you here present who have so generously given of your time to share with me this wonderful experience.

My deep feeling of unworthiness can only be lessened, I know, by a solemn dedication, which I make today, to increased activity and service in the field of Catholic Action.

The great joy that I feel is due to the fact that in the mirror of my mind there is at this moment passing in review a long and noble procession of all those upon whom this great honor actually devolves. There are my Mother and my Father, who have given me the beautiful example of their own lives, and have provided me with the background of a truly Christian home. There are the many priests, sisters, teachers, and lay apostles who have guided, directed, and helped me throughout my life. There is my Alma Mater, Mt. St. Mary's College and the dear Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, who with understanding and generosity made a college education possible for me in the face of almost insurmountable odds and who through the years have provided me with the courage and the incentive to live up to the ideals and principles which they so thoroughly inculcated. There is my Archbishop, His Excellency, the Most Reverend J. Francis A. McIntyre,* my Pastor, Right Reverend Monsignor John K. Clarke, and the many diocesan directors who have provided me with knowledge, direction, and above all, the privilege of service. There is my family, and especially my husband, Dr. Clem, whose Apostolic zeal as a convert to Catholicism has been, and always will be, a great source of inspiration to me.

This lovely medal and the honor that is bestowed upon me today, in reality belongs to them, and it is in their name that I so gratefully and joyfully accept it.

I have been asked to say a few words to the students here at Mundelein. In preparing my remarks, I wondered just what I could say that would impress upon you girls your great responsibility as

* Now His Eminence Cardinal James Francis McIntyre.

Catholic College Graduates in the Lay Apostolate. As I thought, I kept remembering my own college days. It seems only yesterday, but I assure you that it has been many yesterdays ago, that as a Senior at Mt. St. Mary's I sat in our college auditorium listening to a talk on the same subject as mine today. Our speaker was a priest, I can't remember his name, but I do remember that he was a famous educator, and we were prepared for an eloquent sermon. He curtly acknowledged his introduction, then turned and glared at us from under a luxuriant growth of eyebrows, and boomed in a resonant voice, "You are the salt of the earth."

We were a giddy bunch in those days; you see we had not lived through the harrowing and sobering experiences of a terrible world war. Nor were we faced, or at least we did not realize it, with the even more terrifying prospects of the war of ideologies that is threatening our Christian Civilization. We were extremely amused at his opening remark; and when he repeated it at regular intervals, we found ourselves fighting an almost uncontrollable desire to giggle. When the meeting was over, we dashed out of the auditorium and gave vent to our pent-up hilarity.

None of us realized then, I'm sure, how many times in the next few years, when we were being exhorted, because of our training and background to function in Catholic Action those booming words would come echoing back to us. And so I say to you today, "You are the salt of the earth," and because we know that most of you will choose marriage and motherhood as your career, "You, as future Catholic wives and mothers, are the hope of the world."

Certainly as students here at Mundelein College. you are constantly being alerted to the ever-increasing tide of secularism, materialism, and pagan philosophies that is undermining and destroying the Christian home and family, and depreciating the true dignity and God-given rights of women. You see in current legislature, nursery schools, proposed sex education, extensive playgrounds, and compulsory education a definite trend to take education completely out of the hands of parents. You also notice, with misgivings, how willing and eager so many parents are to relinquish their priceless rights. I know that you recognize for what it is, the glittering bait that is being dangled before the woman of today to lure her out of the home where she reigns as queen, to compete on an equal footing with men in a hard, cold, business world. Because by your education and training you know these things, we exhort you today to prepare yourselves to join the ranks of those who are fighting to preserve our God-given rights as parents and the honor and dignity of Christian Womanhood.

In October, 1945, His Holiness Pope Pius XII electrified the world with his unprecedented command to Catholic Women in his famous address, "Your Destiny is at Stake." He said, "The fate of the family, the fate of human relations are at stake. They are in your hands.

Every woman has too, mark it well, the obligation, the strict obligation in conscience, to go into action in a manner and way suitable to the condition of each—so as to hold back those currents which threaten the home; so as to oppose those doctrines which undermine its foundations; so as to prepare, organize, and achieve its restoration.” And then again in September of 1947 he gave his famous directives to Catholic Women in organization. He said then, that while he realized that most women must give their best, their time, and their hearts to the care of home and family, those who are freer, fitter, and better prepared must assume heavy tasks for the common good.

Surely you, with your splendid educational background, are better prepared. You can readily see from these commands that the Catholic Action you are doing now can not stop when you leave school. It is, rather, only a training for the heavy burdens you must assume for the common good.

We know that the first few years of your married life will be busy ones, a period of readjustment and increased responsibility. When your children are small, they will need your constant attention; but, we urge, that at this time, you read and study and know the mind of the Church on current problems and that you recognize, above all, the potential power that is yours in your particular spheres of influence: in your homes, with your family, among your friends, neighbors, relatives, and social acquaintances. Then when your children are in school you will be a little freer to identify yourselves with Catholic Women's Organizations; especially those in your parish, such as the Home and School Groups, the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, and Discussion Clubs. I emphasize this identification with parochial groups because, just as the home is the backbone of a nation, so is the parish the backbone of the Church Organization. It is to you, as graduates from a Catholic College, that our Bishops and priests look for leadership in these groups.

Remember, girls, to whom much is given, much will be expected; and on your shoulders will always rest the tremendous responsibility of giving good example. Do not be deceived into thinking that the role of a Catholic wife and mother, in our present age will be an easy one. The temptations will be many and great, and you will need all the strength, courage, and Divine help you can muster to remain firm and loyal to your principles. Pressed down with the confining cares and worries of children and housework, there will be times when you, who have equipped yourselves through education for interesting careers, might fall easy prey to the present paganistic thinking which regards domesticity and motherhood as drudgery and as narrowing in their effects.

It is vitally important that you now establish firmly in your mind, and never lose sight of, the true Christian concept of marriage and motherhood. If you do this, your actions, attitude, and example will

say just as eloquently as Chesterton said to those who would minimize the magnitude and importance of your task, "How can it be a large career to tell other people's children about the Rule of Three, and a small career to tell one's own children about the universe? How can it be broad to be the same thing to everyone, and narrow to be everything to someone? No; a woman's function is laborious; but, because it is gigantic, not, because it is minute. I will pity Mrs. Jones for the hugeness of her task; I will never pity her for its smallness."

You see then, girls, how much is expected of you, and how eagerly we anticipate and solicit your help in the great crusade that is being waged to restore the honor of woman's and mother's place in the home, the dignity of Christian Womanhood and the Kingdom of Christ upon this demented earth.

Finally, then, to help you fulfill the great responsibility that is yours, we would recommend that you keep always before you as your model and your guide, Our Blessed Mother; remembering that she, too, once lived upon this earth as a mother, housewife, a member of a neighborhood, and of a community. Father Lynch offers this thought so beautifully in his book, *A Woman Wrapped in Silence*. He tells us,

*"No, not true to think that then her feet
Were visibly upon the serpent's head,
And stars ringed visibly about her brow.
Except for gentleness and modesty,
The grace she held in fullness, was as grace
We hold . . .
No deep, relentless tide of ecstasy
Swept over her to carry her beyond
The world she knew, and make her stranger here.
The dawn was cold, and in the dark, the wind
Still spoke of other dawns, and all her days
Were labor and were vigilance. And peace
That made its quietness in her was peace
God gave, since she had made a place for it
By tired hands and a heart that did not tire."*

The Annunciation

By Sister M. Dolorosa

The dawn had scarcely fringed the veil of night, which hung as a mist over the luminous sky of Palestine. A tiny home, enfolded in its shadows, stood white against the dark evergreen enclosure. The delicate perfume of a garden plot presaged the budding of an early Spring.

Mary, a maiden-child of Nazareth, rose from her pallet, and gazed out into the night with wondering eyes. "What is it—this stillness? The earth seems to have paused in its course!"

Taking up her prayer scroll, slowly, reverently unrolling the parchment, she read "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel."

A movement as of a gentle wind stirred the curtain between her room and that of good Joseph, her kind watchful guardian and spouse.

"Behold a Virgin!"—Some one has entered the room.

"Hail full of grace. The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women."

Though heaven's music vibrated in that voice and heaven's radiance glowed from that angelic face, fear welled in Mary's eyes as she wondered, "What manner of salutation this might be."

"Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive and bring forth a Son. and thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Most High."

The King of Heaven's message has been delivered to Heaven's Queen! Yet the little Jewish maid pondered before answering God's ambassador. Prudently, she hesitated: "How shall this be done, because I know not man?"

Then the secrets of eternity burst forth, that all men might hear. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also, the Holy which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God."

Mary bowed her head, her bronze gold hair surrounding her as an aureola. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to Thy word." Then the angel, bending in reverent homage, withdrew, the bearer of the most stupendous message ever sent by creature to Creator.

Stillness, as if the ages had not yet begun, filled the little room.

Taking again her prayer scroll, Mary pressed it to lips that burned with Love of the Messiah.

"Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bring forth a Son." "Be it done unto me according to Thy word." "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us."

THOUGHTS ON A STATUE OF THE CORONATION

By Justine Weiher

*Mary's gold-crowned statue was unreal
For a picture of a simple Jewish mother,
Queen she is, but a queen, I feel,
Whose motherly thoughts excluded every other:
Baking the bread for carpenter and Son;
Worrying where a child would likely roam;
First jar of water carried by The One;
The love with which she cleaned their simple home;
The quiet, adoring rest on Sabbath Day;
He comes of age and they start on the road
To Jerusalem—long journey, anxious stay
While she lived the sorrow that Simeon forbode.
Mary—surely queen but mother too,
Made saint by all the things that mothers do.*

An American's Life in Tripoli, Libya

By Maureen Trounce Appel—An Alumna

My husband, Lt. Ray Appel, had been in Tripoli about four months, when he completed the necessary arrangements for us to join him. When his letter came, saying that he had procured a house, and giving me minute instructions about visas, shots and other necessary preliminaries, I was thrilled with excitement. Stevie, our first born, a husky fifteen months old youngster, was quite calm about everything but the shots.

We left La Jolla by Santa Fe in March, 1952, flying from New York by Military Air Transportation, my first experience of life in the blue. Aboard the plane were five exchange students from Iran, and six Air Force dependents, including Stevie and me. We left the air port at 5:30 p.m. and our first stop was at Newfoundland, at 12:00 p.m. It was snowing when we landed and we were met by the ground crew, wearing parkas. After a two-hour layover, we began our longest flight—ten hours over the Atlantic, heading toward the Tages Air Field in the Azores. We arrived there about noon, finding a very small island; its landing field between two mountains, and sometimes difficult to negotiate.

It had its welcome compensations, not the least welcome being our first hot meal, which we took at the officers' club. Shortly after, we took off for Nassauen in French Morrocco.

This is a new base, mostly of quonset huts. All army personnel live in Casa Blanca at present. An hour after landing we set out for our final flight to Tripoli, Libya. As we flew over Tripoli we could see row upon row of palm trees—a welcome sight. But a far more welcome experience was my spying my husband, as we landed on the two-mile run way. We were a funny pair, Stevie and I, wearing baggy slacks, laden with baggage—suit cases, a baby car seat, baby food, and such items. In spite of our appearance Ray was glad to see us. I have been in Tripoli nine months and it seems like two. There are so many different things to see and experience it seems an entirely different world. For instance, there are two districts in the city, one Italian, one Arab.

We have a small villa in the Italian district, which is called Georgemypolis. It is ten miles from the Base. Fifty feet from the house we have a beautiful beach on the Mediterranean. This sea is a vivid aqua blue, gorgeous to view and splendid for swimming. We have the same flowers and fruits as at home, and when in season the fruit is very cheap. Imports are high because of the duty paid on them, but a "must" are brass trays, leather hassocks, and rugs.

There are many clubs, and their parties create a very gay social life. Everyone employs at least one maid or house boy. We have an

eighteen year old Arab boy named Salem Mohmad. Before him we tried Mohamet, and next an Arab girl named Fatima. A friend of ours has had eighteen changes of servants in the past few months. Salem was trained by a British family. He cleans house, irons, and cares for Stevie at times. They are very fond of each other, and he never scolds Stevie, which isn't so good.

About two months ago, Salem's sister Fatima, invited me to a wedding. Curious to see the ceremony, I accepted the invitation and took a friend, the wife of an officer, neighbors of ours.

A wedding provides the only social life an Arab woman is allowed. It is a three day affair, to which only women are admitted. The festivities last far into the night. We used our invitation the first night, and being "foreigners" were treated royally. We were seated on straw mats, in an open patio, then provided jewelry and scarfs for our adornment. Next the Arab dish called Kus-Kus was brought in. It contained rice, barley, lamb and yellow squash. It tasted awful, but in order not to insult the bride, we ate what we could.

All the Arab women sat around talking, just as American women would do. After we had eaten, Fatima the sister of the bride, came out and danced for a full forty-five minutes, with Arab drums providing her accompaniment. It was very interesting—had a lot of rhythm to it. Then other women guests stood up and began a chant which continued for two hours.

At midnight the bride appeared in a silver barcaw and silver slippers, with a blue veil over her face. She wore oodles of pins stuck here and there. Two Arab women led her to the center of the patio, and sat her down on two high pillows. Here they hennaed her hands and bound them with cloths. They must remain bound until the next night. The bands are given to her "mama" by the groom. After all this ceremony, they passed around their famous tea, for us to sip. It is served from a container the size of a wine glass, half filled with sugar. As it was then well past two and we feared that our husbands would be wondering what had become of us, we took our leave. This unique experience was so colorful and so interesting that I plan to repeat it, if I am asked again.

Since Tripoli is the biggest town between Tunis and Benghase there are not many places to visit. There are Septies Magnus, Sab-ratha and Garian. We found these places very interesting and got some good pictures of what is left of the ruins of the two old Roman cities. Tripoli is also an old Roman city that was completely destroyed and rebuilt. The only remaining Roman ruin is the arch of Marcus Aurelius.

Garian is a small Arab city, where, in the last war a German concentration camp was located. In 1942 one of our G.I.'s painted a mural there, picturing the invasion of North Africa.

The Tripoli of today is divided into two parts—the old and the new. The old part forms the Arab quarter. One day the Club (The Officers' Wives' Club) had a tour through the city. We visited the old Caramanli Mosque. The Caramanli family is one of the oldest Arab families living here today. Before entering the Mosque we had to remove our shoes. Mosques are usually bare except for the "prayer rugs." That same day we visited the king's palace. King Idris, the King of Libya, lives here about four months of the year. The rest of the time he lives in Benghazi.

I have tried to pick out from many interesting things the most outstanding. We love Tripoli and have new and exciting experiences every day. Ray and I send best wishes to "The Mount."

. . . DARK MANNER

By Lillian Pereyra

"We see now through a glass in a dark manner . . ."

*Reality slips a touch beyond our fingertips,
A shade beyond the boundaries of our minds,
A whisper beyond the use of all our words,
A form beyond the shape of all our things,
An ache beyond the reach of all our longing.*

*The dream forms of a clouded sight
We grasp with thickened fingers,
But do not touch.*

*Wind-shaped clouds form and vanish
Uncomprehended by our minds;
No pattern for us.*

*A bird, soft, vibrant, alive as we,
Yet flower-like, he quickens, sings and dies,
A tiny cycle unexplained by us.*

*Fevered spring-green hills draw in the short, rushed rain,
Quick with their treasure bloom, bear fruit and lapse again
Into somnolence and death.*

*Arabesque of life we see in dark confusion.
Clarity of death we'll see in bright conclusion.*

Padre Pio

(THE ITALIAN STIGMATIST)

By Patricia Harman

Padre Pio has been stigmatized since 1918, and lives in the Capuchin Monastery of Our Lady of Grace at San Giovanni Rotondo, a small village near the Adriatic Sea and twenty-five miles away from the larger town of Fulgia. His stigmata consist of the five wounds: in his hands, feet, and side. Every morning while saying Mass, he goes through the Passion of Christ. Only during Mass are the wounds uncovered, for immediately afterwards he puts on fingerless cloth gloves which he keeps on all the time. His principal activity is hearing confessions, so he spends most of his day in the confessional. People come from all parts of the world to attend his Mass and to go to confession to him; however, he hears only in Italian. Padre Pio is getting better known here in America ever since World War II, when thousands of G.I.s went to see him.

During the Fall of 1951, it was our privilege to attend the Mass of Padre Pio and to meet him. Our group consisted of my aunt, Miss Nell Harman, Mrs. Patricia Larkin and myself. It was also our pleasure to meet Father Dominic, an American Capuchin from Milwaukee, who is the English secretary to Padre Pio. (Padre Pio receives some four hundred letters daily and Father Dominic takes care of all those written in English.) Father Dominic arranged for us to meet Padre Pio and told us many interesting things about him. Concerning Padre Pio's power of bilocation (the ability to be present in two places at the same time), Father told us the following stories:

Several years ago a Monsignor (I cannot remember his name) from South America, afflicted with cancer, went to see Padre Pio. Padre blessed him and the cancer disappeared. The Monsignor remained there awhile, and one day he asked Padre if he would assist him when he died. Padre answered, "Yes, I will assist you when you die, but you will die in Uruguay." A few years later the Monsignor again returned to San Giovanni, and one morning while he was there he had a severe heart attack. He sent a monk to get Padre Pio, who was saying Mass at the time. Padre apparently gave no heed as he continued his regular routine of the day, but before retiring he looked in on the Monsignor. When the Monsignor saw him he sat up in bed and demanded, "Why didn't you come this morning? I might have died!" Padre replied in a stern voice, "O man of little faith! Did I not tell you that you would die in Uruguay!" The Monsignor recovered and returned to South America where he was made Bishop of Uruguay. One morning, two years later, he was found dead in bed, and scrawled on a piece of paper found on the bed-table were these words: "Padre Pio came to night."

During 1950, Father Dominic returned home to Milwaukee, because his father was not expected to live. However, he arrived two days after his father's death. He knew that something unusual had taken place because of the mysterious behavior of his family. Finally the story came out. Knowing that their father was near the end, the family gathered at the house of one of Father Dominic's sisters for dinner. As it was a nice day they left their father on the porch while they went into the house. Later, when they went out to get him, he was missing. Now the father could not move without help, neither could he have entered the house without opening the front screen door, which squeaked noisily and undoubtedly would have been heard. However, they found their father in a chair in the living-room, dead—there was no clue to tell them what had happened. Two weeks after Father had returned to the Monastery, he was standing in the courtyard one day when he overheard a woman ask Padre Pio, "Tell me, is my mother in heaven?" Padre smiled and answered, "If your mother led a good life it is reasonable to presume that she went to heaven." (Father remarked that he never would have asked a question like that, but the woman's boldness gave him courage). He approached Padre and said, "Padre, if you think it not imprudent, would that statement apply to my father?" Padre turned his head and with a wave of his hand, said, "Oh, he was in heaven a long time ago!" In his excitement Father managed to blurt out, "Did you assist him?" Padre Pio looked down at the ground and nodded his head "Yes."

When Father's mother died, he asked Padre to offer a Mass for her. As he came out of his room a little after 6:30 A.M., he saw Padre standing in the corridor awaiting him "with his eyes real big. And then he came up to me, and putting his arms around me, he kissed me on both cheeks—a European custom, you know—and he said, 'She is in heaven.'"

Father was telling us these things the night before we attended Padre Pio's Mass. He warned us not to be scandalized by what we were going to witness in the morning, for the people crowd around the altar rail during Mass, and they touch him (not during Mass) and then kiss their hands, or else touch religious articles to him. He spoke of Padre's tendency to be irascible, but added that we could not blame him because the people are so inconsiderate, often grabbing his hands and hurting him. On one occasion when Padre came to hear his confession, he showed Father his arm which had been clawed, and another time his arm was badly infected. However, he asked us not to judge the people too harshly because it is just their way and they really are devout. Every once in awhile Father would say half to himself, "I hope he isn't irascible tomorrow." Father also told us that Padre Pio always says Mass at a small side altar, except on Christmas when he says midnight Mass at the main altar. "That is his Mass," he said.

It was four o'clock in the morning when we left the little hotel

to trudge up the rather steep road to the Monastery. The air was crisp and cold; the midnight-blue sky was studded with big glittering stars; the road was still wet from the last evenings heavy rain. Soft voices could be heard as others hurried up the road behind us. At a quarter past four we found ourselves standing in the large courtyard before the Monastery, which already contained approximately two-hundred people, all reciting the Rosary. The crowd consisted almost entirely of the villagers and of pilgrims from various parts of Italy.

The chill, grey dawn streaked across the mountaintop. It was a quarter to five. The crowd had almost doubled when the monk came to open the small wooden door leading into the church. The once passive crowd became an excited, surging mass. Without moving my feet I was swept toward the narrow doorway; I clutched Aunt Nell's coat. Suddenly, I was thrust into the doorway amid the shaking fists and angry words of two women arguing over who should be first to enter. Almost landing on the floor, I quickly recovered and started to run in the general direction of the crowd. People were hurriedly drawing up benches to stand on; I dodged and ran around them, making my way through the crowd to where Aunt Nell and Pat were standing. Looking up, I found myself in the second row of people from the altar rail of a small side altar dedicated to Saint Francis of Assisi; the relics of a saint lay in a glass case beneath the altar; the sanctuary was exceedingly small.

It seemed an endless length of time, although only fifteen minutes had elapsed, when there was a commotion to the left. Four men came through a doorway, pushing their way into the crowd, ordering them to move back and kneel down. One of the men opened the sanctuary gates. In the next instant Padre Pio entered, preceded by a priest who was going to serve his Mass. Padre was a tall man of large build, then (1951) sixty-five years old. The white vestments brought out the silver in his dark hair and short beard; eyes cast down, his aspect was one of profound humility; his beautiful face was pale, serene, and grave; his gait rather slow and plodding. At the sight of him the people leaped to their feet and started to close in on him, but the four men promptly formed a chain, thrusting the crowd away from the humble Father. Some managed to touch him in spite of the men's efforts to protect him. Padre Pio seemed to wince slightly, but never raised his eyes. Once inside the sanctuary, he walked straight up to the altar and remained there, motionless, for nearly ten minutes. Then he came down the steps to begin Mass, but before starting, he turned and spoke to one of the men who had assisted him and who was still standing by the open gate; whereupon, the man turned, and in a mandatory manner, spoke to the people, some of whom were still standing. They began to kneel. The man closed the altar gate and knelt outside the rail.

Padre Pio began Mass—it was five o'clock. It took him a long

time to say the prayers at the foot of the altar. He spoke very slowly and distinctly, his voice was low and rather droning. A missal was not needed; every word was clear and perfect. The Prayers finished, he approached the altar slowly. He stressed in particular the closing sentences of the "Gloria". "TU—so-lus sanctus, TU—so-lus Do-mi-nus, TU—so-lus al-tis-si-mus." It seemed that the words were being drawn out of him—as if he could not help what he was saying. His movements were labored and his shoulders slightly bowed, as with the weight of the Cross. He turned slowly, extended his hands and said, "Do-mi-nus vo-bis-cum." His face was grave, his eyes staring fixedly ahead. He did not seem to see or to be aware of the people in any way. He was careful to cover his hands up to the knuckles with the long sleeves of his alb, so that the wounds could not be seen from the back; however, when he turned, extending his hands toward the people, the wounds in the palms of his hands could be seen clearly. At the Gospel side, he took the marker of the big Mass Book and flipped the pages over laboriously, missing by one. He reached slowly to the corner of that page to turn it, but after several unsuccessful attempts, he finally gripped the page, turned it slowly, (I cannot put enough emphasis on slow) and proceeded to read the Gospel. At the Offertory the wounds started to bleed. At the Washing of Fingers he took the towel and wiped his hands quite thoroughly, and then placed a towel on the altar near the Tabernacle. After the Preface the action of Padre Pio's Mass became even slower. His movements grew more and more labored, his figure more bowed. At the audible parts, he spoke more slowly, his voice sometimes droning into a hoarse whisper. The Consecration and Elevation formed the great climax of the Mass. This part took at least fifteen minutes. He knelt and remained thus for some time, then bracing himself against the altar, he rose with great effort. After a long pause he started to raise the Host. It took every ounce of his strength. Once the Host was high above his head, a little sigh escaped his lips. He held Our Lord up for a long time, gazing profoundly upon Him. Slowly lowering the Host, he again knelt and again rose, bracing himself against the altar. The Elevation of the Chalice took place in the same manner. (Padre Pio has been forbidden to give out Holy Communion during Mass since 1950 because it prolongs his Passion, and being no longer young, he is not able to take the exhaustion which inevitably follows. We were told that sometimes he is so exhausted after Mass that he cannot even move..He now gives Holy Communion at ten-thirty in the morning after hearing Confessions). After he closed the Tabernacle door, Padre straightened up, his movements became quicker (although still slow), his speech faster, his voice stronger. After the Communion and Postcommunion verses, he turned again toward the people, extending his hands, which were completely covered with blood, so much so that the wounds could not be distinguished. At the Last Gospel, instead of facing the altar, he turned toward the people, his bloody hands extended, his face expressionless, his

eyes fixed in that same trancelike stare, and recited the Gospel. (Again I must mention the effect as of the words being drawn out of him—as if he were listening and repeating after someone). After completing the closing prayers, he left the sanctuary. It was then six-thirty. Again the four men tried to hold the crowd back, again the people reached out, grabbing at him and touching him.

I have endeavored to recount the Mass of Padre Pio, as it was the day we were there. Ordinarily, it takes him an hour and a half as it did that day; however, if he had distributed Holy Communion it would have taken him a good two hours. Mr. John McKenna, who was stationed in Italy during the war and who is a friend of my brother, served Padre Pio's Mass, and reported in an article written in the Fall issue of the *Evangelist*, a quarterly put out by Saint John's Seminary, Camarillo, that it took Padre three intense hours to say Mass, and that his sufferings were extreme and violent. This article appeared in 1948.

Later that morning, Father Dominic recommended that we go to see Miss Mary Pyle, an American convert and Third Order Franciscan, who has lived near the monastery for thirty years and attends Padre Pio's Mass every morning. Miss Pyle came from a prominent and wealthy Protestant family of Bernartsville, New Jersey; but she uses little of her wealth on herself. She and several other holy women who live with her, take care of the laundry and the altar linens for the Monastery.

Leaving the Monastery, we walked through the courtyard, passed the big tree, and noticed to the right a steep incline. Our eyes swept over the mountainside, which gradually merged into a rolling mass of green country; little white houses dotted the verdant hills and fields; the deep blue sky was populated with foamy, white clouds; in the distance could be seen a ribbon of deep azure—the Adriatic Sea. Directly in front of us at the bottom of the incline was a stone house, resembling a small castle, hidden in a network of green trees and shrubs. Descending the steep, stone steps we approached the house. Finding the small wooden door ajar, Aunt Nell rang the bell and called in to say who we were. A pleasant voice invited us to enter. We were admitted into a simple but spacious room. Sitting at the end of a long, heavy table was a plump simply dressed little woman, fixing rosaries. Miss Pyle welcomed us with a sweet, friendly smile, and invited us to sign her guest book. We visited with Miss Pyle for about an hour and a half, and of course our conversation was principally concerned with Padre Pio. Miss Pyle told us how Padre Pio knows the thoughts and desires of people and related the following story:

An American woman came to the Monastery several years ago, and knowing Italian, she went to confession to Padre Pio and became his spiritual child. She returned to the United States, but

because she was the mother of several small children, she was unable to return to Italy until five years later. However, every night as she put her children to bed, she would say to herself almost unthinkingly, "Padre Pio, bless my children, protect my children, pray for my children." Later when she returned to the Monastery, after her confession, she thought it would be a good opportunity to say what had been on her mind. She said, "Padre Pio, bless my children, protect them, pray for them." He answered, "Oh, why do you tell me that again?" Aghast the woman replied, "But Padre, this is the first time that I have ever told you that." He answered, "Why, you have told me that every night for the last five years."

Miss Pyle then told us how he knows things that are written down without even seeing them, and related the following:

An American girl came there and signed Miss Pyle's book just as we had. After leaving, she wrote a letter to Miss Pyle. One day while speaking with Padre Pio in the courtyard, she mentioned the girl's letter. Padre looked upward and said, "Tell your friend that I shall fill her with such a blessing that it will uplift her to heaven." Miss Pyle was dumbfounded—he never was effusive. Puzzled, she returned home and wrote to the girl, but when she started to address the letter she discovered that she had thrown away the envelope with the return address on it. Paging through her guest book, she came upon the girl's address—then she stopped, stunned. Beneath the girl's signature was written, "Padre Pio, may your blessing uplift me always." Miss Pyle assured us that he had never seen the book, in fact, she had never even mentioned to him that she kept such a book. Yet he knew what the girl had written and conferred his blessing upon her in her own words.

Miss Pyle told us that one time when her mother, who was a staunch Presbyterian and never was converted, had visited her, she put her on the train to go to Florence. The next day while she was talking to Padre Pio, she mentioned that her mother had gone to Florence. He looked off with a strange stare and said, "No, your mother is in Umbria." She answered, "But Padre, I just put her on the train for Florence yesterday." Still looking off with that distant stare, he said in a tone of marked finality, "Your mother is in Umbria!" Feeling that it was useless to say anything further, she walked away, leaving him still standing there, staring off in that strange manner. The following week she received a letter from her mother in which she wrote, "Wasn't it wonderful of Padre Pio to come to visit me while I was ill for two days in Perugia (Umbria)? I did not see him and he did not speak to me, but I felt his presence so strongly that I knew he was there."

I remarked to Miss Pyle that we had heard of several instances of Padre Pio's severity, and asked her about it. She looked thoughtful and said quietly, "Yes, there are times when he seems a little harsh." She also mentioned that there are times when he is irascible. Then she gave us some examples of his severity:

One day a girl confessed to him that she had been reading obscene literature. Padre Pio asked her if she had confessed such a sin in her last confession, and she said that she had. Without saying anything further, he closed the slide. The girl had never been refused absolution before, and become hysterical, she cried all day. Finally, after much persuasion, she confessed to another priest. He granted her the absolution, but for her penance he told her to receive Holy Communion from Padre Pio on the next morning. She was very frightened but obeyed. Padre Pio gave her Communion, and she left there filled with joy, and cried out, "I wish I could take all such magazines in the world and tear them up! I'll never read them again!"

One day a German count attended Padre's Mass and approached the altar rail for Communion. When Padre got to him, he stopped and asked, "Have you been to Confession?" The count answered, "No." Padre said, "Don't you think that you had better go?" The count arose and went to Confession. Afterwards he again approached the altar rail and Padre gave him Communion.

During the Holy Year, two American girls wanted to join a student tour which was going to include a visit to Padre Pio, but their father objected. The girls teased him to let them go, and finally, he relented, but only on the condition that they would promise him that they wouldn't kiss Padre Pio's hand, and the two girls, completely forgetting their promise, lined up, too. When it came their turn, and one of the girls reached out to take his hand, Padre Pio suddenly threw up both his hands and cried, "Obey your father!"

At this Miss Pyle threw up her hands and imitated his tone of voice. I started in my seat, and when I found my voice I timidly asked, "Do you suppose he knows we're here now, and are talking about him?" She brought her fist down on the table with a loud bang and said in a tone of great certitude, "Of course he knows! Of course he knows!" I turned toward her, stunned, thinking she must be joking, but her face was serious and certain. I felt almost paralyzed. After a moment I peered over my shoulder, almost expecting to see him standing behind me. Trying to turn the conversation to the brighter side, I said, "From what Father Dominic has told us, he sounds like he has a wonderful sense of humor." She beamed, delighted at my observation, and said, "Oh, he has, he has. He gives the monks many a laugh. I keep a book of my favorite sayings of his, and Therese Neuman's, too." Then she told us the following:

One day when Padre Pio was standing in the courtyard, a woman approached him and asked, "Padre, do your wounds hurt?" He looked at her, smiled, and said, "Do you suppose the Lord gave them to me for decoration?" Another day a doctor approached him and asked, "How is it that stigmatists are always wounded on the

left side when Our Lord was pierced on the right side?" Padre Pio looked down at the ground shyly and shaking his head slightly, answered, "Oh, we couldn't be just like Him."

Miss Pyle told us to speak to Padre when we saw him and to make our requests of him. I looked surprised and remarked that he can understand only Italian. She smiled and said that he can see the soul and read the heart. "But he only hears Confessions in Italian," I said. She nodded her head wisely, and said, "It was not so in the early years. He used to hear in all languages, and the people would confess their sins in their own languages, and Padre Pio would give the advice in Italian, and the people would come out and say that they had understood what he had said." Awestruck I asked, "But why doesn't he do it anymore?" She answered, "Because he doesn't want anyone to know that he has this power."

At a quarter past ten the four of us left for the Monastery. When we arrived, we entered the narrow corridor and arranged ourselves across from, and a little to the side of the doorway through which Padre Pio would enter coming from the church—Aunt Nell nearest the door, then Pat, myself, and Miss Pyle. I mentioned to Miss Pyle that I was scared, whereupon she laughed and said, "Oh, he likes people to be a little frightened." Father Dominic came down at a quarter to eleven and stood across from us. As eleven o'clock approached, everyone began to grow tense. By this time the little corridor was well filled. At a little after eleven, we heard footsteps approaching—everyone grew rigid. A Monk standing by the door, turned, eyes bright, and spoke excitedly. Padre Pio was coming. In the next instant he was in the corridor. He was beautiful; face pleasant, eyes downcast, right hand extended—he looked younger and quite different than he had during Mass. Our first impulse was to kneel, but Father motioned us to remain standing, although some of the people did kneel. The first ones to whom Padre extended his hand were two women standing near the doorway, and they immediately burst into tears. He was approaching us now, extending his hand to Aunt Nell, who took it in hers and kissed it reverently; then to Pat who did the same. (When he turned toward Aunt Nell, who is a daily communicant and perhaps Pat is, too, he broke into a sweet, radiant smile that is impossible to describe and impossible to forget. He kept smiling in this way all the time he was with us). Father interrupted, introducing us. Padre Pio nodded his head as if to say, "I know." Then Padre asked us if we could speak Italian, and we formed a sad trio in shaking our heads "no." Padre Pio cast his big, dark eyes down, and shook his head a little regretfully. Then Father told him about Pat's brother, who is a Capuchin missionary in the Philippines. Padre became intensely interested in Pat, and drew near to her, smiling and looking into her eyes. Then Father told him that Pat was going to Lourdes and that Aunt Nell and I were returning home. At this Padre broke into a rather lengthy speech which was translated for us later ("May the Angel of God accompany you, guard you, and protect you all the way").

Everyone present "ohed" and "ahed" so we knew that he had said something very nice. Pat asked if he would bless our rosaries. He gladly consented and placing his hand upon the rosaries in our hands, he blessed them. By this time I was growing fearful that he would forget to let me kiss his wound. I tried not to think about it because I felt that he knew my thoughts, but it was no use—my anxiety was ever mounting. Suddenly he turned, as if he had just thought of something. His big, dark eyes twinkling with mischief, he said something (I never found out what, but I really didn't care, I was so glad that he wasn't irascible), and cordially placed his hand in mine. I held it and kissed it reverently (I noticed that his hand was soft and relaxed—not stiff as it had been during Mass. I also noticed that while he was with us, every once in awhile he would look off distantly and assume an attitude of listening). When I had finished, he looked at me for just an instant and then, turning a little to the side, he threw his hand back flippantly to Pat and Aunt Nell and said, "Here, kiss it again! What are you, Jews?" Everyone laughed; however, the people were getting concerned over the attention we were receiving, and were closing in on him, grabbing and kissing his hands, and pulling at him from all sides. He tried to get away from them and plodded determinedly toward the cloister door.

Leaving the corridor, we entered the courtyard, filled with the peace of Padre Pio—the peace of Christ. Father Dominic looked quite relieved and remarked, "Oh, I'm so glad that he wasn't irascible today." Father told us that Padre extends his hand right away upon entering the corridor because he is afraid that the people will grab his hands and hurt him, but they do it anyway. At noon we boarded the bus for Fulgia which is an hour and fifteen minutes away from San Giovanni Rotondo. No one said anything during the trip—there was nothing to be said.

TO SEOUL

*To you, sweet cherry blossoms of the Spring,
Cold Siberian winds with winter snow,
Still Pagoda Park, and Shinto Shrine,
Gay Bong Chong where nightly candles glow,
To you, the heart, the life, the whole of Seoul
I say "Good-bye"—cheered with this single thought:
That you have stood unmarred through centuries,
And should remain unchanged 'till I have sought
Once more your shores from mine across the sea.*

*Such hope was mine! Such hope in vain!
To think that Seoul in this day could retain
her majesty, her joy, her peace, her light!
For now the foe has cast his gloomy cloak—
And cherry blossoms never bloom at night.*

HOPE AND JOY

Milania Austen

I

*My feet so slightly mark the road,
The trees with raindrops glisten,
The blue of sky is startling,
Like children's eyes through tears.
Silver gleam the wings of swallows;
Lupin nod their purple as I pass.
Do you too mourn his leaving?*

II

*Clouds are white and gay.
The earth's visage brightens at my step.
Leaves softly touch my cheek.
"Blessed are they who mourn,
For they shall be comforted."
These words he spoke to me.*

III

*Here, beckonnig me in the breeze,
A daisy, tall, wild and free.
I cup your blossom in my hands
And stroke smooth petals, one by one.
Will his face again know this gentleness?*

IV

*From this hilltop I see a vale below,
Yet more green hills surround me.
I press the daisy to my heart.
What blackened hills will be his home?*

V

*Oh, wet grass,
Still wetter with my tears,
Can you know that they are joy?*

VI

*An hour ago we stood here;
In peace, we kissed good-bye.*

VII

Our love's first fruit is hope.

Let's Gossip About Homer

First Speaker, Pat Olsen

HOMER'S INFLUENCE

Homer, whether "he" was one man or a number of men, whether "he" actually lived or was only legendary, has influenced the people and writers of the world right up to our present day. We will assume that he was one man who actually did live more than eight hundred years before the birth of Christ.

Homer "heads the world's best poets," and later Greek writers looked to him as the "first of the tragedians." His plain and straightforward style has never been reproduced by any translation. A pity it is too, for he wrote about life and its people, for whom he had a great amount of sympathy, and when he wrote he wrote for the benefit of his readers. This was the key of his down-to-earth style. From his keen and loving observation of nature he created similes to illustrate his ideas.

At first Homer was the property of the Greeks. Then in the sixth century B.C., he was adopted by Athens as a part of their own literary heritage. Every schoolboy learned his works thoroughly. Orators recited them aloud at all the festivals. Here the Romans stepped in and made the Trojan tale a part of their own history. They claimed an ancestor among the Trojans, Aeneas. Virgil in the "Aeneid" had made a link between Troy and the founding of Rome. The Roman Empire fell and Greek knowledge seemingly disappeared from Western Europe. To Dante and Chaucer, Homer was only a grim and mysterious name.

A reawakening came in the fourteenth century when Petrarch managed to get a crude translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey in Latin. Better translations were made in the fifteenth century and in the next two centuries among the better educated classes there were those who could read and appreciate Homer in his own tongue. Writers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries revolutionized Homer's readers and even denied the existence of the great poet. To them he was only a part of a legend, and his poems were different—many stories handed down by pen or word of mouth and fitted together through the years into two continuous tales.

Our country has, fairly recently, swung back to the belief that Homer was real. "There is a mark of one individual style on both the Iliad and the Odyssey that can not be denied." We are translating Homer's works now into more plain and direct language as Homer originally wrote them. Samuel Butler has done a beautiful job, a definite contrast with the more literary and fancy styles of Chapman, Pope, Bryant, and Lord Derby. An eavesdropper suggests, "These scorned translations, sound more like the real Homer, when read in the language which he used—the Ionian dialect."

Second Speaker, Beulah Strahan

INFLUENCE OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY ON ENGLISH POETRY

Throughout English poetry there are references to Homer and the characters in his Iliad and Odyssey, particularly to the gods. To fully understand English poetry a knowledge of Homer's works is necessary. John Keats appears to have been especially influenced by Homer. He wrote "Ode to Apollo," "Hymn to Apollo," and "On First looking into Chapman's Homer." Lord Byron makes this excuse for the length of his poem "Don Juan."

*That poets were so from the earliest date,
By Homer's "Catalogue of ships" is clear;*

References to characters in the Odyssey can be found in the poems of Alfred Tennyson, John Keats and John Milton.

In "the Lotus-Eaters" of Alfred Tennyson, he gives a vivid description of the island as first seen by Odysseus and his men and the effect of the fruit, on the men who tasted it.

*And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to him to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.*

After eating the fruit the men decide that any further effort to reach home is futile.

*Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives,
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.*

In Tennyson's poem "Ulysses" he tells of the thoughts of Odysseus in his old age, his memories of voyages past, the war at Troy and of his pride in his son, Telemachus. In this poem Athene's prophecy that Odysseus will die at sea seems to be coming true, as he is urging his men to come with him on yet another voyage.

*'Tis not too late to seek a newer world,
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.*

In book two of John Keats "Endymion" he mentions "the woes of Troy." In book three says

*That love should be my bairn! As, Scylla fair!
Why did poor Glaucus ever—ever dare
To sue thee to his heart?*

In this same book he gives a description of Circe and the men she has changed into animals.

*And all around her shapes, wizard and brute,
Laughing, and wailing, grovelling, serpentine,
Showing tooth, tusk, and venom-bag, and sting!*

Keats relates how one of these men begs to be released from this horrible fate.

*Sighing an elephant appeared and bowed
Before the fierce witch, speaking thus aloud
In human accent: "Potent goddess! chief
Of pains resistless! make my being brief,
Or let me from this heavy prison fly:
Or give me to the air, or let me die!
I sue not for my happy crown again;
I sue not for my phalanx on the plain;
I sue not for my lone, my widowed wife:
I sue not for my ruddy drops of life,
My children fair, my lovely girls and boys!
I will forget them; I will pass these joys;
Ask nought so heavenward, so too—too high:
Only I pray, as fairest boon, to die,
Or be delivered from this cumberous flesh,
And merely given to the cold bleak air.
Have mercy, Goddess! Circe, feel my prayer!*

John Milton refers to Apollo in his poem "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." Expressions such as "meek-eyed Peace" and his personification of nature are reminiscent of Homer's style. In his poem "Comus," Comus is the son of Circe and several references are made to her, her drugs and her flock. Several of the gods who dwell on Olympus, as well as Scylla and Charybdis of the Odyssey are mentioned.

*Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.*

In Milton's "Paradise Lost" Hephaistos fall from Olympus is described.

*Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,*

*A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Aegaeon isle.*

The preceding excerpts are an example of how Homer's characters have been used by English poets, and how important a basic knowledge of his writings is to us if we are to fully understand English poetry. Without this knowledge much of the meaning of the poetry is lost. Having read Homer we know the story of the characters mentioned and this knowledge makes our reading more enjoyable.

Third Speaker, Patricia Sanders

HOMER SAID THAT??

Amazement seems to be the predominant reaction of students who read *The Odyssey* translated by W. H. D. Rouse. Various opinions are being expressed on this translation and I would like to give the author's reasons for translating the Greek of Homer into the modern vernacular of the American.

Each period has had its translator of Homer, each finding in him a man of his own time. The Elizabethans found him a Renaissance man, Pope found him an Augustan, Mathew Arnold a Victorian. It was almost inevitable that W. H. D. Rouse should have found him the father of the modern novel.

Dr. Rouse states that Homer is quite free from affectations and attempts at poetic language. He maintains that Homer speaks naturally and that we should do the same.

It is very difficult to make real to ourselves how an old composition sounded to the ears that heard it. As times goes on, and language changes, the words ring up new thoughts and feelings in the hearers or they are simply not understood: then they are imitated by those who wish to compose in the same style and bookish dialects grow up.

Shakespear's style may seem at first hearing to be far removed from natural speech, but it is only old-fashioned.

The author goes on to cite an example, an incident about when he saw Hamlet performed by strolling players under a tent at a county fair, and heard the loud comments of the audience. They understood quite enough of Shakespeare's speeches without the help of an explanation. In Shakespeare's own day, the exalted language of his work was as familiar in its turns and quips as our "slang."

What about Homer, then? Did he record his great epics in a lofty

and lengthy style? Dr. Rouse holds to the theory that Homer wrote for practical men, educated by life but keenly alive to beauty. Highly inflected languages such as Greek have been transmitted orally for hundreds of years. Because of this, the essence of Homer's meaning has been lost to the English-speaking peoples. Since our language is always changing, the translations of classics from other languages should be changed accordingly. If Homer wrote for the practical man, why shouldn't there be an English translation of *The Odyssey* attractive to the average American? This is exactly what Dr. Rouse has done, despite objections, obstacles and criticism.

I have chosen one of the books from *The Odyssey* to demonstrate Dr. Rouse's adaptation of American vernacular or "slang" to this Greek epic. Homer said:

Sling the oars ready—all shipshape—The guests fell to—The running was fast from scratch to finish—They went tearing along over the course all in a bunch—thought he would get a rise out of him—One man is not much to look at—I am no duffer in sports—You have cut me to the quick—Out with you then and take me on—You have put my back up—he is docking his own tail—we are not first-rate boxers or wrestlers—off with you on the spot—now he came hobbling along—he roared aloud—It makes me sore—Honesty is the best policy—slow catches quick—the lame dog wins by his wits—shows a clean pair of heels—the two were off like a shot—a man of mighty good sense—a real beauty—now change the tune—went this way and that.

This edition of *The Odyssey* has been widely read and is extremely popular with servicemen. The London Times Literary Supplement said of this translation: "His version is always alive and gives us *The Odyssey* as the great and moving story it is, unlittered by the bric-a-brac of scholarship and by the fussiness of scholars anxious to point to its literary merits."

THE UNRETURNING

*The life you leave is life begun—
A young bird flying from the nest,
A new star airbourne into the evening
The cottonwoods cast shade in vain
A nimbus cloud holds tears for you,
Almond blossoms shroud the hills,
Wind sorrows for you, searching;
A waterfall chants a requiem on the stones,
The lark sings a prayer for your soul's rest.*

I Was There

By Bernadette Victorino

Awaking from a dead sleep to the tingling of the telephone usually anticipates the grunting of the recipient, but to receive the news of an expected tidal wave would arouse anybody to full consciousness in a split second, even in the Hawaiian Islands.

The gentle tradewinds had stopped whistling through the palm trees, and the birds kept a dead silence. The atmosphere seemed like a morgue as all nature was at a stand still. All at once, I heard it coming from the sea, a noise I never heard before—hissing and rumbling as though the ocean was pouring itself into a tremendous funnel—sand, rocks and the entire bottom. The sea swallowed, with a large gulp, all its possessions—stones and rocks, coral and seaweed. Meanwhile, the sirens blasted forth their warning to all along the seashore. Calmly the people gathered their belongings and speedily headed for the hills to be safe from the on-roaring ocean.

Sucked back far from the shore, the sea remained quiet for a long drawn out minute. Everyone sensed what was coming by the stillness of the air. Suddenly the ocean emerged with a gigantic roar, rumbling, tumbling, clashing rocks together, tossing coral high above the bubbling white caps. Then, it struck with a disastrous boom, ripped trees, tore houses off foundations, and disturbed the early morning silence of the farmyard. This great body of water dragged with it squabbling chickens, yelling pigs, bucking horses, and that stillness became a barnyard melee. It was pitiful to listen to the pleas of the animals, and yet be unable to do anything for them. When the thunderous destroying wave subsided, it carried with it the debris to the unsteady sea. Silently, the villagers watched their belongings being swept into the ocean's depths, leaving them bereft and homeless.

Alumnae News

Eileen Micklish and Pat Hempfling were married on November 29 at a Nuptial Mass at Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Church, San Diego. *Patricia Ann Smith* and Charles B. Weseloh Jr. were married on September 20 at a Nuptial Mass at Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Church, San Diego. *Rosemarie Bachand* and Louis F. Thomas were married at a Nuptial Mass on November 1 in St. Teresa of Avila's Church, Los Angeles.

Among our visitors were *Mary Pat Hansen* (Brush) and her two little girls, *Clare Kassler Gaffney* and baby girl, *Mr. and Mrs. Donald Lavorin* (Jeanette Sierks), and *Natalie Breen* and two daughters.

The following happy parents have announced their glad tidings: to *Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Pope* a daughter, Mary Margaret; to *Mr. and Mrs. Robt. J. Doucette* a son, Robert Jacques; to *Mr. and Mrs. James McGivern* a daughter, Margherita Marie; to *Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ott* a daughter, Christine Marie; to *Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seyer* a son, Francis Manuel; to *Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hodgson* a daughter, Kathleen Marie; to *Mr. and Mrs. Norman J. Hartzler* an adopted daughter, Mary Edith; to *Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brady* an adopted son. The Bradys have just been transferred from the Hawaiian Islands to Washington, D.C.

Our first "alumnae daughter" to enroll as a student at the Mount is Gretchen Von der Ahe, daughter of *Dorothy Lieb Von der Ahe*, a charter member of the college.

Margaret Cook, a non-Catholic, made her traditional trip from Palmdale on Christmas Eve to bring desert Juniper. Her contribution forms a colorful part of the Crib decorations each year.

Mary Ellen Gray, teaching at Louis Pasteur, passed highest in Physical Science in the city examinations for senior high school teaching.

Barbara Hartman, *Rita Blecksmith*, and *Camilla Munton* have completed internship in Medical Technology at the V.A. Hospital and passed both State and National examinations. They are now official M.T.'s. In February Barbara enrolled in the graduate school at U.S.C. for work toward a Master's degree, with her thesis a medical research problem.

Pauline Chang and *Mary Lou Jandro* who have been working at St. Vincent's Hospital also received both State and National Certification.

Helen Peck is engaged in graduate work at UCLA toward an M.A. and also interning at Veteran's Administration Center. She is preparing for medical technology in Central America, where she hopes to conduct a laboratory of her own.

Alice Kraemer is doing graduate work in English at UCLA.

Marjorie O'Hanlon, working in Dublin, Ireland, with the Legion of Mary, has announced her engagement to Michael Quirk.

Anne Wong is working in the Serology laboratory at Tripler Army Hospital, Honolulu. *Vera Wong* was written up in a feature article in a Sunday edition of a Honolulu newspaper as a "school marm who danced her way through college." It referred to her dancing engagements in New York, which helped earn her way to an M.A. at Columbia University. *Marilyn Yee*, *Cynthia Luke*, and *Evelyn Ishida* are also teaching in the Hawaiian Islands.

Emmett Kehoe, son of *Peggy Perry Kehoe*, appeared on T.V. on his birthday, February 2, a guest of the "Parlor party."

Charlotte Aguilar Leyer and six months' old son Francis visited the Mount, before leaving for a visit to her homeland Honolulu.